



Departure

They will go far on their
long journeys, their ships already
strain at the fiery hawser.

And some day from an incredible
distance the voices of survivors
will drift back with broken
reports of machines whose hands
stretch out between the stars,
holding the future,
terrible and strange.

Landscape With Small, Ragged Figures

They come drifting
over the frozen road, pursued
by a dark wind.

Faltering, confused,
they look for shelter
behind the stones
and under fallen limbs;
but the wind drives them on
with thorny whips and
flung handfuls of grit and sand.

They have the dead,
sunken faces of a people
torn loose at midnight
and scattered before
the breath of disaster.

As they pass below the hill,
the trees above them
bend slightly in recognition,
and turn away
into the furious darkness.

— John Haines

Fairbanks, Alaska